

The Saturday News

ALBERTA AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1910.

NO. 7

Note and Comment

Theatrical conditions in the larger cities of Alberta are certainly improving when we have the opportunity of witnessing so delightful a play as "The Man from Home," which was greeted by large audiences in Edmonton and Calgary this week. The excellence of the company which had it in hand shows that other magnates than those of the financial and commercial world have their eyes on this part of the west. But reference is made to the production here, not with any idea of usurping the function of the dramatic critic.

It is the play itself that challenges attention. As a social study it is an admirable bit of work, quite in keeping with the reputation which its author, Mr. Booth Tarkington, has made for himself in another field, that of a novelist. Mr. Tarkington deals with familiar topics in plain, matter-of-fact fashion. The result is that his books always go through large editions and that his few attempts at playwriting have everywhere been most enthusiastically received.

One did not need to know Indiana, or Sorrento, to recognize the types which he presented to us. As Daniel Voorhees Pike reminded us, there are just as many kinds of people in Kokomo as there are in Pekin. In our own towns we have all the weaknesses and all the virtues illustrated that Mr. Tarkington, with such deft workmanship, brings to our notice. That is why his play makes so universal an appeal and why it serves so useful a purpose in making us appreciate more than we have the innate worth that is to be found in those about us and to place less value on the artificialities and insincerities that, without thinking, we are apt to do honor to.

The truth of Pope's famous dictum that the proper study of mankind is man does not lessen as the world grows older. As society becomes more complex, we are more than ever interested in the way that men and women conduct themselves amid all its intricacies. It furnishes food for the gossip and the best of material for the philosopher. This was forcibly impressed upon the writer of these lines, when in the midst of the election excitement in the old land, he picked up a copy of the London Spectator. It was full of discussion of current political issues. But we had so much of that kind of thing that it wearied one even to look after the columns of the brilliant argument. In the midst of it all was an article on "Social Fearlessness." It had as much application to Edmonton as to London, as much fifty years ago as it had today. Yet it held the attention when those dealing with what are considered the big topics of the day couldn't get even a cursory reading.

"In the handicap of life," we were told, "social fearlessness is an immense advantage. It is almost the equivalent of birth." The strange thing is that it should be so uncommon. A small amount of reflection should encourage even the most arrant social coward. Society is the only place in which courage is actually a protection. Roughly speaking, no harm can happen to us if only we are not afraid. Intrepidity implies almost no risk. Yet how few of us can say to ourselves that our hearts have never sunk in a new social atmosphere, or that we have never lost our heads in the presence of those persons who cultivate the repute of social greatness and dread. But there are a few men and women to whom social fear is unknown. We can all call to mind some such. They belong to many types and to all ranks of life."

Some of the socially fearless are, we are reminded, among the most lovable people in the world. They always seem to be in sympathy with their company. "They know how to disarm the world." As a rule, there is something in their attitude towards strangers which we can only describe as deference; but their deference, like that of children, lies very close to dignity. They pay it instinctively to every one, to rich and poor alike, as the best-mannered children pay it. They never, as we say, let themselves down; yet they seem always to be looking up. There is something in them of the very spirit of youth, and they have always the supreme charm of happiness."

Are there not a few such in Kokomo and in Edmonton, just as there are in Pekin and in Lon-

don? Does one's heart not warm to them without realizing just what it is that makes it do so?

But there are others who are fearless only because they are thick-skinned. "Their notion of social intercourse is to answer when you are spoken to, speak when you have something to say, and ask what you want to know. On this principle they get through their social lives very comfortably, and on the whole they find society very pleasant and interesting. Any snub they may get they innocently put down to the ill manners of the snubber, and for themselves, they never hurt any one, except by accident. Other thick-skinned persons are, however, nothing but a nuisance. No one can abate them. They always come where they are not wanted. They push themselves into every enclosure, no matter the reason of its reservation. They pay to all above them the sometimes unpalatable and always unwholesome compliment of constantly seeking them. There is a form of social bridle courage which generally belongs to the most expert brain-pickers. They try to share in joys with which the stranger should not intermeddle and offer sympathy for sorrows which the afflicted persons were hoping they did not know. They are a ceaseless source of annoyance to strangers, and of shame to their intimates."

But there is another and a more dangerous and offensive class, those who are ill-natured and cruel. "For them, as a rule, social life is the whole of life. Not to know its minutest rules, or to ignore them by reason of other cares, is a crime, and the punishment of such a crime is sport. Nearly always they get on in the world, or one might say they have got on. Their arrogance is usually the outcome of success. Just now and then, when they have rendered a shy person desperate with fright they get a blow back which looks on hope they may really feel, but anyhow, they have too much courage to show it. Outside criminality, there is perhaps no study in the world so destitute of sympathy and judgment as the minute study of social custom, with all its ramifications and its bearing on social grade; and when it is attained there is no knowledge in the world so ephemeral and despicable. Yet to how many social strutters is it the crown and seal of their triumph."

But the "socially fearless" get on in the world, as a rule, no matter whether they belong to the objectionable types or not.

"More of those flood-tides which lead on to fortune," concludes the Spectator, "are misdirected through social fear, we should imagine, than through any other single cause. Let their powers be what they may, few men, be they laborers or princes, and no women, can afford to be without favor. How many people with courage to analyze their own failure must trace it to social fear. Can

social courage be cultivated? About as much, we imagine, as courage in any other form. Some men are born timid and some fierce, some fearful and some friendly. We cannot alter our nature; but, roughly speaking, the majority of those who have undergone drill and discipline not only do best at the moment of danger, but suffer least."

Those who know best, from personal experience, how true this is, will admit it the least readily. The "shy" man suffers agonies. He cannot conceal his lack of self-confidence from those whose eyes are of ordinary sharpness, but when

in the West, are closed on Sunday, and representations have been made to the Department by the Lord's Day Alliance to have the offices in the West closed so as to observe the Sunday law. Representations have also been made to the Department that if the lobbies of the post offices are kept open for box holders, it leads to stenographers and others, who should have a day's rest, being compelled to work. If you could find it convenient to call at the Department I would be pleased to discuss the matter with you. I might add that so far as I am personally concerned I am of the opinion that no man should be asked to work on Sunday, unless there is necessity for it, and that it is both in the interests of the individual and the nation that this should be so."

Surely the Lord's Day Alliance will not stop with preventing box-holders from taking out their mail on Sunday. The letters which come in on the late train Saturday night cannot be attended to within business hours. What is to prevent unscrupulous people from answering them on Sunday? Why not close the post office at an early enough hour on Saturday to make it impossible to take their mail away? Or perhaps it would be better to seal the street letter boxes from Saturday night to Monday morning. This would make assurance double sure.

The Saturday News yields to no one in its desire to have Sunday a day of rest. But there is nothing that will sooner alienate the support of the average man from the efforts of the Alliance, than needless agitations such as this. No question of Sunday labor in the post office was involved. If other staffs are kept busy on Sunday, prosecute those responsible. To try to prevent this by taking away from the general public what is at times a great convenience is about as unreasonable a proceeding as has yet come under general notice. That the post office department should have acceded to the request in the face of the clearly expressed public sentiment of the western cities affected shows either carelessness in making enquiry or the poorest kind of judgment.

For fear some old countrymen, despite the weather we have enjoyed in Alberta, since early in December, are disposed to complain, it would be well for them to glance over the following dispatch which came from London at the first of the week:

"In many places the snow is twenty feet deep, and railway communication between England and Scotland has been suspended."

"Loch Lomond, the largest lake in Scotland, is frozen solid for the first time since 1892. The market in Preston, Lancashire, was closed. But one cart arrived, instead of the usual two hundred, the others all being held up by the storm."

"The isolation of the northern villages is complete, and telegraphic communication with them is almost impossible."

"The French schooner St. Mathurian was lost in the gale which swept the English Channel, and six of her crew were drowned."

"The barkentine Alphonse, from Antwerp, was wrecked on the rocks near Tynemouth, life boats rescuing the crew of nine."

"The schooner Four Brothers was found broken to pieces on the North Wales coast. Her crew were drowned. The steamer Monmouthshire, also from Antwerp, broke from her moorings in the River Tees and was hurled against the river wall and smashed to pieces."

"These are but a few of the many reports of lost vessels, mostly schooners and small fishing smacks. The loss of life is certain to be heavy."

some one in authority has been frightened. He has lived amid constrained conditions at home, or at school. Something has checked his natural boyishness and only those who know what a struggle it is to overcome this early weakness know what a crime the person to whom this influence may be traced has been guilty of."

We seem to have wandered some distance from the theme suggested by "The Man from Home." But not so far after all. What has been said has

all a very direct

bearing on

what the play

in question laid

stress upon,

that a "great

man" is not ne-

cessarily one

whose name

figures most

prominently in

the newspapers,

or on social reg-

isters, but he

who has perfect

confidence in

himself and in

his own moti-

ves and is not

afraid to be

"himself" no

matter what com-

pany he is in. He accom-

plishes the

most and both

secures and gives the greatest happiness that is

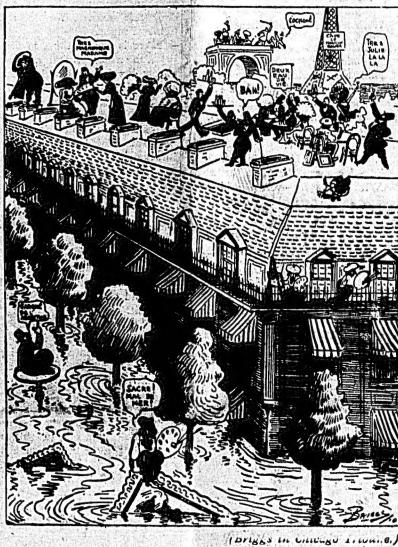
possible to anyone, as he travels through the world.

Mr. C. A. Magrath, M.P., on the request of the Lethbridge Board of Trade, which took the same stand in the matter as did those in Edmonton and Calgary, wrote to the deputy postmaster-general regarding the question of closing the post office lobbies on Sunday.

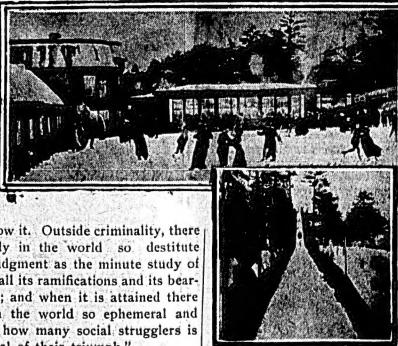
"I may say," wrote that official in reply, "that all the larger offices throughout Canada, except

(Continued on Page Eight)

High Life in Paris



Winter Scenes at Rideau Hall, Ottawa.



When Mr. M. J. Butler, Deputy Minister of Railroads, decided to transfer his talents to a sphere of narrower influence but larger pay, his action provoked the usual question: "Why is it that men of proven capacity so often leave the government service and devote themselves to private business?" There may be many reasons, but one is satisfactory to the vast majority of money-making people. "He was offered a bigger salary and would be foolish if he did not take it." But there may be a further reason when valued men leave the public service at the call of business. If they decided to repulse the alluring offers and to continue to serve their country, how would they explain their folly to people placing as high a value as we do on financial success? On grounds of patriotism? Come, come! You know that won't wash! Johnson defines patriotism to the

The People of Edmonton
will find in the
IMPERIAL BANK of CANADA

A Well-equipped Savings Department

Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$1,000 and upwards). Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit.

All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the services of our Depositors.

A special room is provided for women.

Married Women and Minors may make deposits and withdraw the same without the intervention of any person.

Capital Authorized, \$10,000,000.00

Capital Paid Up, \$5,000,000.00 Reserve Fund, \$5,000,000.00

Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall and Jasper

Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West

Your Savings Account G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK

is solicited.

Manager

Northern Crown Bank

Alone in Having a Western Head Office

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL - \$6,000,000
PAID UP CAPITAL - \$2,200,000

Head Office - - - Winnipeg

Money, to be valuable, must be employed. Idle money is profitable to no one. It is the duty of every thinking citizen to place his idle funds where they will profit both himself and his fellow citizens. The best place for security is our Savings Bank Department.

We Pay Interest Twice a Year

H. H. RICHARDS, Local Manager, Edmonton



FOR

***A Fresh Supply
of Flowers***

every few days, for nothing so adds to the beauty and grace in the home as the fragrant blossoms. We now have CARNATIONS, ROSES, PAPER WHITE NARCISSUS and ROMAN HYACINTHS, and are selling them as cheap as we can possibly make them. The demand keeps our supply short, so you are always sure of getting

Fresh Flowers

Ramsay
FLORIST

Phone 1292

Victoria Ave.

The pleasure of your house is at stake.

It's the house people who really know about the quality of the coal and wood, for that is where the test is made. On it depends the comfort of your house.

T. G. PEARCE, - - - Phone 2464

Wood and Coal Merchants

FIRST STREET, Cor. Holmnick. EDMONTON

PHONE 1961 WHEN YOU REQUIRE JOB PRINTING



ON THE LUNETA

Oh, the boat lights jig on the silver bay;

And bow to the tropic moon; The carriage wheels have stopped their squeals;

As the band strikes up a tune; Oh, the couples linked on the big parade;

Stand still; and light as foam The soft notes blend to the eager end;

As the band plays "Home, Sweet Home!"

The war boats riding the harbor's breast

Hang still on the highest swell; And the Chink junks, too, have stopped their slew;

As the soft notes weave their spell; The laughter stops in the barrack halls,

And the sentries pause to hear, As the old, old air comes sweet as prayer;

With its bid for the silent tear.

And the bright lights fade in a purple mist;

And the thoughts have gone askew, While the bandmen play in a solemn way

(For the band is thinking, too); Ay, the bright lights fade on the grand parade;

And the clattering words seem dead; While faces grave turn to the wave With a longing—left unsaid.

The outposts hear on their lonely watch,

For the evening air is still, And the strains ride far as the nearest star

That shines on yonder hill; They carry away to the firing lines

By the city of green and chrome;

And a vague unrest stirs every breast

When the band plays "Home, Sweet Home!"

—Alfred Damon Runyon, in "People's Magazine."

In New York at the present time in the Yiddish Theatre on the East Side, known as the Lipzin, a crude little play is running called "The White Slave." Each night as the curtain goes up discovering the home of a pious old Jew who spends the most of his time expounding his religion to his neighbors and warning them that earthly joys are not the only end of this life, the ticket-seller in the box-office solemnly takes out the sign "Standing Room All Used Up" and closes the entrance doors for the evening.

For the "White Slave" has caught on wonderfully well among the residents of the Ghetto, because it pictures to them something with which they are all familiar, the luring of their daughters from their homes on the East Side to take up a life of shame in the up-town district.

In the home of the old Jew, Reb Elijah, of whom I have told you, lives his daughter, Eva, who supports the family, and is incidentally the heroine of the play.

Reb Elijah is naturally somewhat detached from the actual existence around him, which may account for his indifference to the means by which his daughter supports him. While he finds quiet and leisure to spend his life in the clouds taking no thought but of his religion, his daughter, Eva, the White Slave, is up town supposedly at work "in the shop."

When the curtain rises on the first act there is a scene of life in the Ghetto. A young girl neighbor just

from work has taken refuge in Reb Elijah's living room, whither she is pursued by her mother.

"You shan't go to the dancing school," says her mother to the frivolous, gum-chewing blonde with her hair tied up in gay ribbons. "You must stay home. Look at your sister, who used to go to the dancing school every night. Look at her; where is she now?"

The girl laughs at her mother's concern and again the old woman reproaches her for her desire to go to the "dancing school, which sounds in odd company as the English words pop suddenly out of the Yiddish text."

"I want to go to see my fellow (below also in English). He's there every night."

The mother laments that this is what life in America makes of good Jewish children when they are brought here.

Then she asks the girl why she came home so late the night before. "Over-time," mockingly answers Jennie, who is the daughter of a cantor and his orthodox wife.

Then follow in quick succession sev-

eral scenes that alternately shift from the girls' homes in the Ghetto, to the up-town district, that mysterious place whence come pretty dresses and jewelry and all sorts of beautiful things, for girls who work "overtime." Even in the background in each of them hobs up the figure of one "Plavke," a white slave dealer, who in the end by threats of telling Eva's father of her life of shame, brings about her complete ruin, and also her suicide, by means of morphine.

It is a common, cheap little story if you will nothing extraordinary. We know such things are going on every day—in Alberta, right here in Edmonton. But one or two features of it strike me as being worthy of consideration.

Reb Elijah dreaming, and ignorant of how his daughter is making her living; and the reference to the dance halls, and the parents' reliance on their daughters' excuses for not returning home at night.

There is such a thing in life as being too trusting, and a time when absorption in religion becomes positively criminal. I have known scores of so-called good men and women so wrapped up in religion and its arguments that they couldn't see that their own sons and daughters were traveling the sure road to destruction. They took their word for it that they were here, and that they never went there, and let it go at that. Not enough interest to even investigate who they associated with; out at all hours of the night, and little questioning as to the play.

The play should also be a lesson to girls who want to go to dancing halls and similar cheap places of amusement.

In Edmonton we have many young foreigners, who have found, to their cost, what comes of patronizing these gilded hells. Wine, woman, and then voices with kisses, to-day a smart and becoming garb is said to be more

the proper wear, I understand, in these electioneering frolics during the recent campaign, was a Russian tunic costume. The skirt cut away short, and the coat fastening all over the chest at the left side, bordered with fur. The party colors were then introduced in the braiding of the coat and the hat, which was one of the fashionable close-fitting toques.

Scarlet, green and white, the newly chosen colors of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, were worn by its 20,000 members. Purple, white and green, the now familiar colors of Miss Christabel Pankhurst's followers, appeared in the Suffragette toilets. Green, white and yellow an-

other, however, are the names of five editors and their families. Since last week, hearing Mr. Travis-Barker's remarks, I began to doubt my profession was a very respectable one, after all.

Of course there will be a terrible howl and women will go into hysterics, the air will reek with such epithets as "cat," and "snob," and "mix," and the like, but there it is, the reign of the Four Hundred is over, vive the Assembly Set!

As yet these things are only whispered, and one half of the Almighty Four Hundred is kept busy speculating as to whether, under new conditions, the other half will live, but it may be months before many will realize their social ostracism, because Mrs. Taft is a diplomat.

The great Society Revolution in fact, has been conceived and carried out very seriously. The new members will meet "outsiders" at the big "kills" such as official state functions which families in public life must give, but its musical parties, dinners, dances, and garden parties, will in future be strictly limited to the list of families forming the "Assembly Set." That there will be "doings" as a result of this bold move goes without saying. One may be very sure that the late rabid society leaders will not give in without a struggle.

A little revolution in Edmonton mightn't do any harm. Just enough of one to keep some women who have forced a way in, and whose subsequent actions have been a source of a good deal of scandal, in a set of their own, while there would be a good many degrees further up, an Assembly Set, noted for their good manners, their cultured tastes, and their exclusiveness when it came to tolerating certain things.

And, my dears, there were fashions in election gowns, and it please you!

I wonder if now we have come to the bottom of the women's interest in obtaining the suffrage?

In handsome Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire's day, she bought her voice with kisses, to-day a smart and becoming garb is said to be more

the proper wear, I understand, in these electioneering frolics during the recent campaign, was a Russian tunic costume. The skirt cut away short, and the coat fastening all over the chest at the left side, bordered with fur. The party colors were then introduced in the braiding of the coat and the hat, which was one of the fashionable close-fitting toques.

Scarlet, green and white, the newly chosen colors of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, were worn by its 20,000 members. Purple, white and green, the now familiar colors of Miss Christabel Pankhurst's followers, appeared in the Suffragette toilets. Green, white and yellow an-

ounced the presence of the Women's Freedom League.

The pretty viens and green favors of the "Actresses' Franchise League, another color note, and the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League, added to the confusion which the rose, black and white which had already been represented in their tollies at gatherings of the league.

I could have sworn that dress would have become mixed up in some way with this, or any other movement inaugurated by women. They can't help running to it. But to think of votes being corralled by the mere spell of a Russian tunic. I think we have degenerated since Georgina's days, don't you?

PEOGY.

\$54,694,882

was the net amount of insurance on the companies books December 31st, 1908, and the year's operations showed that

The Mutual Life Assurance Co. Of Canada

made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

(a) it gained in Assets \$1,328,098
(b) " " Reserve - 948,268
(c) " " Income - 302,571
(d) " " Surplus - 348,298

while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Head Office - Waterloo

S. A. Gordon Barnes
DISTRICT MGR.
Phone 1827 and 1848
4th & Jasper, Edmonton
Over Capital Mercantile Co.

THE STORE OF QUALITY

Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Leather Bags and Purse, Burnt Leather Novelties, Fountain Pens (Waterman's, Parker's, Monroe's, etc.) The best selection of lace fabric to be found. We try to please you at the Edmonton Book & Stationery Company

115 Jasper Avenue West

Every Macneil Quality Prescription before being put up and labelled is subjected to the most rigid test and final examination before it is labelled with the Macneil's label and nothing that is not absolutely perfect in every detail ever bears that label.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

MACNEIL & CO.

THE DRUGGISTS

750 First Street Phone 1581

THE STORE OF QUALITY

Reasons Why

Hallier & Aldridge's

BREAD

Is the best in the city

BEST FLOUR

LATEST MACHINERY

FINEST INGREDIENTS

EXPERIENCED BAKERS

USE

MOTHER'S BREAD

and you will be satisfied

MADE ONLY BY

HALLIER & ALDRIDGE

Phone 1327. 223 Jasper Ave.

These goods are direct from the leading centres of fashion in New York and other American cities

Be sure and see our window

Andrews & Sons

Undertakers

Prompt attention to day or night calls

524 Namayo Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

The Saturday News,

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

Published by Saturday News, Ltd.

A. B. WATT Managing Director

D. M. HAINES Business Manager

Subscription \$1.50 per year

Edmonton and United States \$1.00 per year

Canada \$1.00 per year

Advertising Rates on application.

HEAD OFFICE—

22 HOWARD AVENUE, EDMONTON

Business Office—Telephone 181

Edmonton Rooming Tables

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1910.

THE SATURDAY NEWS

LEGAL
Short, Cross, Bigrar & Cowan
 Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.
 Wm. Short, K.C., Hon. C. W. Cross
 O. M. Bigrar, Hector Cowan
 Offices, Merchants Bank Bldg.
MONEY TO LOAN.

Dawson, Hyndman & Hyndman
ADVOCATES, NOTARIES ETC.
 Edmonton Alta.
 Money to Loan on Real Estate
 Office: McDougall

H. J. Dawson, J. D. Hyndman,
 H. H. Hyndman.

Emery, Newell & Bolton
 Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.
 E. C. Emery, C. F. Newell
 S. E. Bolton.
 Office: McDougall Avenue, near
 Imperial Bank Bldg.

Lavell, Allison & Willson
BARRISTERS, ETC.
 John R. Lavell W. B. Allison
 N. C. Willson
 Bank of Commerce Chambers
 Strathcona, Alberta

E. S. McQuaid
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
NOTARY
 Office: 104 Windsor Block,
 Edmonton Alberta.
MONEY TO LOAN

Robertson, Dickson & Macdonald
BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS
 H. H. Robertson, S. A. Dickson,
 J. M. Macdonald.
 Edmonton and Fort Saskatchewan
 Office: 135 Jasper Ave. E.
MONEY TO LOAN.

RED DEER - ALBERTA

MOORE & DURIE
BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS
 J. Carville Moore, B.A., J.D.
 Corbet L. Durie, B.A., Crown
 Prosecutor.
 Particular attention to collections
 and agency work.

ALBERT E. NASH
ACCOUNTANT AUDITOR
ASSIGNEE LIQUIDATOR
 Room 206 Windsor Block,
 Phone 2413

ARCHITECTS

BARNES & GIBBS
 Registered Architects
 R. Percy Barnes, F.A.I.C., A.A.A.
 C. Lionel Gibbs, M. S. A., A. A. A.
 141 Jasper Ave. West, Edmonton.
 Phone 1861

OSTEOPATHY
 D. C. BLINN, Osteopath,
 Treats successfully all curable dis-
 eases. No drugs used.
 Hours: 9 to 5 and 6 to 9 p.m.
 245 JASPER AVENUE, WEST.

MUSIC
 Miss Beatrice Crawford
 TEACHER OF PIANO
 Accompanist
 Studio: ALBERTA COLLEGE

MUSIC AND DRAMA

The production of "Twelfth Night," during the past week by an Edmonton company gives additional interest to a story recently told by J. E. Dodson of Adelaide Neilson:

"I was playing at the Princess' Theatre in Manchester," said Mr. Dodson, "when Miss Neilson opened there. It was one of the most beautiful theatres in the provinces and, strangely enough, was managed by an American known as 'Boston' Browne. Miss Neilson opened as Violin in 'Twelfth Night.' We had a new heavy man who was always notoriously imperfect in his lines. On this occasion he was the Duke Orsino. The principal scene of Miss Neilson's was with the actor, in which occurs the familiar speech beginning, 'She never told her love.' As usual, the actor was imperfect and so imperfect was he that he cut her out in such a way that with all her ingenuity she had to leave these effective words unspoken. At the end of the scene, when the curtain was drawn, but before she had a chance to speak to anyone, there was a call from the audience and the curtain was held back by the call boy, ten or eleven years old, while she went to the front of the stage with her set smile to her acknowledgements. I stood in the wings and witnessed one of the most amusing performances I have ever been held on or off the stage. Backing off with the smile yet upon her face, the only person she encountered was the little boy. Instantly her face grew livid, with rage and she vented her wrath upon him for the want of any other subject. 'Did you see that man? Did you see that fool?' she fairly shrieked, doubling up her fists and pounding the air. 'Did you see that from the audience, and the smile was false!' Then there came another call from the audience, and the smile was resumed and the acknowledgements made. Back she came and repeated her fiery questions over and over again to the boy, the only interruption coming when she responded to the repeated calls of the delighted audience. She ended by declaring, 'That man goes in the morning!' The poor boy was bewildered and looked about thought for the source of responsibility for the infamy of the support."

Miss Neilson was one of the few instances of a successful actress created for the stage by the forcing process.

In the following letter to the Woodstock (Ont.) Sentinel Review, a piano manufacturer, Mr. James Hay, makes some serious charges against musicians.

The writer on account of his connection with the organ business, becoming acquainted with its operations, also having received certain information from Mr. C. S. Warren in the same connection, makes the following statement in confirmation of a previous letter.

That some manufacturers have been, and are in illegal collusion with prominent men connected with the musical profession, whereby manufacturers secretly grant favors or payments for recommendations for work in this connection. They arrange with some organists and others who have the purchasing under their control, for secret commissions, which amounts they add to the price of the organ, without the knowledge or the consent of the purchasers, said amounts to be paid when

the organ is accepted and paid for, and frequently, the man who receives the honorarium is the judge of the suitability of the organ.

This is done by a carefully and delicately prepared artifice for doing indirectly what cannot very well be done directly and means that stealing is made a legitimate business.

While there may be legitimate, as well as illegitimate payments, the real gravamen of the charge is its secrecy. The result follows that young people who are being educated for the musical profession feel that it is right to get a "take off" on any musical instruments or sheet music, they may recommend, and the results are harmful, both to the public and to the profession.

Frankly, when one admits of less than half a dozen cases in twelve years, I suggest that on continued inspection, extended more than 24 hours, one will possibly find that he is mistaken in the number of cases. We are told—the most difficult honesty in this world for a man to practise, is to be honest with himself when he has done wrong or may desire to do so.

In this connection you will find some time is plenty of room for those who do fair trading on proper lines, but there is no room for the unscrupulous who wish to introduce and practice methods in church organ purchasing more reprehensible than the obnoxious custom of a virulent race track.

After making some comparisons between the pantomimes of the present and those of other years, a writer in the London Daily Mail says:

"And all these odd pantomimes companies remind me of one book—that came out in 1860, which I used to read half a century ago. It was 'Life of Terpsichore, the admirable melodramatic actor.' It struck me then how curious a product melodrama was. Here you had an audience assembled night after night, month after month, year after year, and play after play—practically witnessing one drama, repeated ad infinitum, with trifling variations. For if one thinks of it there is only one melodrama, and the plot of it was constructed some thousands of years ago."

The "motive" is called by the folklorist the "Exile and Return" theme; you find it exemplified in the old tale of Percival, who was eventually made into one of the Knights of the Grail. In the first act—if one may use this term in connection with age-old stories—the hero is dethrown, cast down from the height of bliss and worldly prosperity to the depth of poverty and woe. Acta II and III tell us of his struggles and adversities; his broken and doubtful and adventurous career; and the last act shows him restored to more than his former significance and happiness, with his blushing bride beside him. This is the melodrama recipe, and the point I wish to make is that however "new and original" the play, the Adelphi audience were, in reality, familiar with the whole plot before the curtain went up on the first night. Mr. Terpsichore might be in the army or the navy, he might be a young squire, he might be a young cowboy, for all I know he might be a young poet—though this supposition is a little extravagant—but, in any case, the people in front knew that after a fair start he would be suddenly and terribly cast down, and that, after many great deeds and dread adventures, he would come to his own again. Details differed, but the main lines on which every piece ran were ascendant and familiar."

That some manufacturers have been, and are in illegal collusion with prominent men connected with the musical profession, whereby manufacturers secretly grant favors or payments for recommendations for work in this connection. They arrange with some organists and others who have the purchasing under their control, for secret commissions, which amounts they add to the price of the organ, without the knowledge or the consent of the purchasers, said amounts to be paid when

the organ is accepted and paid for, and frequently, the man who receives the honorarium is the judge of the suitability of the organ.

This is done by a carefully and delicately prepared artifice for doing indirectly what cannot very well be done directly and means that stealing is made a legitimate business.

While there may be legitimate, as well as illegitimate payments, the real gravamen of the charge is its secrecy.

The result follows that young people who are being educated for the musical profession feel that it is right to get a "take off" on any musical instruments or sheet music, they may recommend, and the results are harmful, both to the public and to the profession.

Frankly, when one admits of less than half a dozen cases in twelve years, I suggest that on continued inspection, extended more than 24 hours, one will possibly find that he is mistaken in the number of cases. We are told—the most difficult honesty in this world for a man to practise, is to be honest with himself when he has done wrong or may desire to do so.

In this connection you will find some time is plenty of room for those who do fair trading on proper lines, but there is no room for the unscrupulous who wish to introduce and practice methods in church organ purchasing more reprehensible than the obnoxious custom of a virulent race track.

After making some comparisons between the pantomimes of the present and those of other years, a writer in the London Daily Mail says:

"And all these odd pantomimes companies remind me of one book—that came out in 1860, which I used to read half a century ago. It was 'Life of Terpsichore, the admirable melodramatic actor.' It struck me then how curious a product melodrama was. Here you had an audience assembled night after night, month after month, year after year, and play after play—practically witnessing one drama, repeated ad infinitum, with trifling variations. For if one thinks of it there is only one melodrama, and the plot of it was constructed some thousands of years ago."

The "motive" is called by the folklorist the "Exile and Return" theme; you find it exemplified in the old tale of Percival, who was eventually made into one of the Knights of the Grail. In the first act—if one may use this term in connection with age-old stories—the hero is dethrown, cast down from the height of bliss and worldly prosperity to the depth of poverty and woe. Acta II and III tell us of his struggles and adversities; his broken and doubtful and adventurous career; and the last act shows him restored to more than his former significance and happiness, with his blushing bride beside him. This is the melodrama recipe, and the point I wish to make is that however "new and original" the play, the Adelphi audience were, in reality, familiar with the whole plot before the curtain went up on the first night. Mr. Terpsichore might be in the army or the navy, he might be a young squire, he might be a young cowboy, for all I know he might be a young poet—though this supposition is a little extravagant—but, in any case, the people in front knew that after a fair start he would be suddenly and terribly cast down, and that, after many great deeds and dread adventures, he would come to his own again. Details differed, but the main lines on which every piece ran were ascendant and familiar."

That some manufacturers have been, and are in illegal collusion with prominent men connected with the musical profession, whereby manufacturers secretly grant favors or payments for recommendations for work in this connection. They arrange with some organists and others who have the purchasing under their control, for secret commissions, which amounts they add to the price of the organ, without the knowledge or the consent of the purchasers, said amounts to be paid when

the organ is accepted and paid for, and frequently, the man who receives the honorarium is the judge of the suitability of the organ.

This is done by a carefully and delicately prepared artifice for doing indirectly what cannot very well be done directly and means that stealing is made a legitimate business.

While there may be legitimate, as well as illegitimate payments, the real gravamen of the charge is its secrecy.

The result follows that young people who are being educated for the musical profession feel that it is right to get a "take off" on any musical instruments or sheet music, they may recommend, and the results are harmful, both to the public and to the profession.

Frankly, when one admits of less than half a dozen cases in twelve years, I suggest that on continued inspection, extended more than 24 hours, one will possibly find that he is mistaken in the number of cases. We are told—the most difficult honesty in this world for a man to practise, is to be honest with himself when he has done wrong or may desire to do so.

In this connection you will find some time is plenty of room for those who do fair trading on proper lines, but there is no room for the unscrupulous who wish to introduce and practice methods in church organ purchasing more reprehensible than the obnoxious custom of a virulent race track.

After making some comparisons between the pantomimes of the present and those of other years, a writer in the London Daily Mail says:

"And all these odd pantomimes companies remind me of one book—that came out in 1860, which I used to read half a century ago. It was 'Life of Terpsichore, the admirable melodramatic actor.' It struck me then how curious a product melodrama was. Here you had an audience assembled night after night, month after month, year after year, and play after play—practically witnessing one drama, repeated ad infinitum, with trifling variations. For if one thinks of it there is only one melodrama, and the plot of it was constructed some thousands of years ago."

The "motive" is called by the folklorist the "Exile and Return" theme; you find it exemplified in the old tale of Percival, who was eventually made into one of the Knights of the Grail. In the first act—if one may use this term in connection with age-old stories—the hero is dethrown, cast down from the height of bliss and worldly prosperity to the depth of poverty and woe. Acta II and III tell us of his struggles and adversities; his broken and doubtful and adventurous career; and the last act shows him restored to more than his former significance and happiness, with his blushing bride beside him. This is the melodrama recipe, and the point I wish to make is that however "new and original" the play, the Adelphi audience were, in reality, familiar with the whole plot before the curtain went up on the first night. Mr. Terpsichore might be in the army or the navy, he might be a young squire, he might be a young cowboy, for all I know he might be a young poet—though this supposition is a little extravagant—but, in any case, the people in front knew that after a fair start he would be suddenly and terribly cast down, and that, after many great deeds and dread adventures, he would come to his own again. Details differed, but the main lines on which every piece ran were ascendant and familiar."

WINNIPEG'S 19 MILLIONAIRES

The Telegram Enumerates Them and Tells how They Made Their Money

The Winnipeg Telegram has just made a careful investigation and has come to the conclusion that there are nineteen millionaires in that city. The list, which contains some names that will cause surprise to most outsiders, is as follows, being alphabetically arranged:

J. A. M. Aikins, K.C.
 W. F. Alloway.
 J. H. Ashdown.
 N. Bawlf.
 Edward Brown.
 D. C. Cameron.
 D. S. Currie.
 E. L. Drewry.
 C. Enderton.
 Rev. C. W. Gordon.
 E. F. Hutchings.
 W. C. Leistikow.
 J. D. McArthur.
 Rod. McKenzie.
 Sir Daniel McMillan.
 A. M. McNichol.
 Alex. Macdonald.
 A. M. Nanton.
 Capt. W. Robinson.

Mr. Atkins, in addition to being a very successful lawyer, has made extensive real estate investments.

Mr. Allwood is the head of the firm of Allwood and Champion, the leading private bankers of Winnipeg for thirty years past. Much of his money has been made in his regular business, supplemented by real estate investments.

Mr. Ashdown started a tinshop in Winnipeg in 1869, which has grown into a great hardware business.

Mr. Bawlf is the pioneer grain dealer of Western Canada.

Mr. Brown recently moved in from Portage la Prairie, where he had large investments in real estate.

Mr. Cameron is the leading lumberman of Western Canada.

Mr. Currie started as a Mountie Policeman, later entering the employ of the C.P.R. supply department and finishing up as controller of the city of Winnipeg. He has been a large investor in city real estate.

Mr. Drawry established the first brewery in Winnipeg.

Mr. Enderton, since coming from Indiana in the early eighties, has devoted himself almost exclusively to the real estate business.

"It is not often," says the Telegram, "that a man of letters reaches the millionaire class, but the west has the distinction of having an author who, if he is not a millionaire, is said to be very near the magic mark. He is Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), whose books have had such a wonderful sale in Canada, United States and Great Britain. Mr. Gordon, also, is said to have been very successful in his real estate investments in Winnipeg."

Mr. Hutchings is head of the Great West Saddlery Co.

Mr. Mackenzie is the son of William Mackenzie of the C.N.R., and a very acute business man.

Sir Daniel McMillan got his start as a successful mill-owner.

Mr. McNichol was a successful life insurance agent, who invested heavily



HAZZAN

Cork Tipped
Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke
Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price and fine quality

in Winnipeg real estate when it was at its lowest ebb.

Mr. Macdonald is the head of the A. Macdonald Co., wholesale grocers, having branches throughout the West, one of the most important being at Edmonton. "Largely as he was an investor in real estate in the early eighties of last century," says the Telegram, "the bulk of his wealth is almost entirely due to the legitimate profits of essentially commercial enterprise."

Coming to Canada as a young man he entered upon his commercial career in the County of Huron, Ontario, but in the middle seventies came to Winnipeg. After acquiring a knowledge of the local situation he entered into business as a general merchant and by 1880 was recognized as one of the leading wholesale merchants in provisions and a

prominent contractor of such supplies to the Indian and North-West Mounted Police departments of the Dominion government in Western Canada. Through this connection and his knowledge of Western Canadian conditions, he became interested in mercantile establishments in the growing towns of the west. Quietly but at the same time aggressively he obtained a large business connection not only in Winnipeg but throughout the great northwest and laid the foundation of his fortune. With the growth of the country his wealth increased until he is now easily a millionaire."

Mr. Nanton is a member of the nautical firm of Oster, Hammond and Nanton.

Capt. Robinson found the basis of his fortune in the fisheries of Lake Winnipeg.



The Provision Dealer's Wife (getting ready to attend a local function): "Now, Mary Jane, tell me, how does it look?"

Mary Jane (a good girl, but fearless, and over-used to the sight of the master's stock): "Oh, Mum, you look bee-utiful—just like one o' them lovely Christmas 'ams!"

The Campbell Furniture Co.

Empire Block, Corner First St. and Jasper Ave., Edmonton

Every Piece of Furniture in our Store Carries The Campbell Furniture Co. Guarantee

Every piece of Furniture is new. Every old piece of Furniture has been sold out. Our reputation will not warrant our carrying old stock—therefore to buy here means you buy only what is new and of modern design.

SEE OUR WINDOWS

The Campbell Furniture Co.

Empire Block, Corner First St. and Jasper Ave., Edmonton



DOLLS

We have a splendid stock of Dressed Dolls and are selling them at low prices.

Dressed Dolls

Most are jointed, some are sleeping dolls, some have natural hair. Dainty Box with each.

15c. to \$15.00

The
K. W. MacKenzie
Co., Ltd.
263 Jasper E. Phone 1427



Printing AND Developing
for Amateurs

BEST RESULTS ASSURED

Mail us your films and write
for price list

623 FIRST ST.
Edmonton

Hutton Upholstering &
Carpet Cleaning Co.

A PRICE LIST

Brussels Tapestry and Ingrains taken up, cleaned and relaid, per yard..... 8c

Moquettes, Wiltons, Axminsters and Velvets taken up, cleaned and relaid, per yard..... 10c

Carpets called for, cleaned and dressed..... 12c

Ladies are cordially invited to inspect our methods of cleaning carpets.

How about that Couch, Parlor Suite and Mattress which wants repairs? Let us call and give you an estimate for repairing the same.

Furniture Repairing and Cleaning
Cover Cleaning and Window
Seats our specialty

Cleaning Works: 619 Fifth St.
First Store North of Jasper Ave.
PHONE 1306 P. O. BOX 814

IMPERIAL
LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—

IMPROVED FARM LANDS
APPLY

C. D. RODGERS
Archibald Block - Edmonton

HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

Mrs. C. W. Cross has issued cards of invitation to a dance on Tuesday next.

Mrs. Wm. Short left on Tuesday to spend a week with Mrs. Jas. Short, of Calgary.

The inspection of the B. B. cadet Corps, to which "Westward Ho" Chap. I. O. D. F. was invited, has been postponed from Feb. 1st to Feb. 8th at 7.30 o'clock in All Saints schoolroom.

Madame Thibaudeau is expected home this Saturday, after an extended visit to her old home in Montreal and other eastern cities.

Mrs. Sydney Woods, who had intended leaving for Winnipeg on a week ago Thursday, was prevented by the illness of her little son and only left on Thursday of this week.

Mr. Harry Evans is away for a two months' visit to the Old Country, much regretted by all the pretty girls and distins loss to the jolly little dinners and evenings where in his own unobtrusive way he always shines.

Mr. Supple too, manager of the Bank of Commerce in Strathcona, is leaving us, having received notification of his removal to Cranbrook. And whereas Mr. Evans' absence is but temporary, Mr. Supple's appointment is, I regret to say, a permanent one. Emptily as the words are often written, "he going will leave a distinct blank" in his case they are sincerely true. Since coming first to Edmonton to the local staff, and later as manager in Strathcona, Mr. Supple has made for himself a great many warm friends to whom his departure will mean a real loss.

In golfing and curling circles especially, and among the bank's customers, his place will be hard to fill. One can only wish him all the good luck he deserves in his new field of labor, and many happy returns to town.

Cards of invitation have been issued by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Bulyea, for the first sessional reception at Government House on February 10th, the night of the Opening.

Mrs. D. L. Scott had a charming little Five O'Clocker on Tuesday, in honor of Mrs. Ponton, of McLeod, who has recently come to Edmonton, and is en pension at "Updown Villa."

"The Man From Home" drew many smart and appreciative audiences on both nights of its production at the Edmonton Opera House, early in the week. People seemed to enter into the spirit of the delightful play in a manner they seldom do in Edmonton, and the honest, hearty laughter on all sides of the house, was ample testimony to the fact, that we do appreciate a good "home" product.

On the first night I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Jack Anderson, recently returned from Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. E. Scoble, Mrs. Inglis and Mrs. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick and Major Thibaudeau, Mrs. John A. McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Swisland, Miss Seton Thompson and Miss Mackie and many others.

The result of the Ladies' mixed curling match on Thursday last:

Mrs. Dickins,
Mr. Dickins,
Mr. Hugh Campbell,
and Mrs. Morris (Skip)
versus

Mr. Kelly,
Miss Strong,
Mr. Fraser,
and Mrs. Balmer-Watt (Skip)
resulted in a victory for Mrs. Balmer-Watt's rink 10-2.

Mrs. O'Kelly and Mrs. Slocum were the tea hostesses for the afternoon, when a large number dropped in to see the game and have a quiet chat, and at the conclusion of play two pretty prizes were presented to the fortunate winners.

The Ladies' Points Competition started on Saturday morning, but will probably be put off this week on account of the men's bonspiel.

During the week, Mrs. James Launder, one of the real old-timers of Edmonton, whose friends appear to be legion, passed peacefully away at her home on Eighth street. It ill becomes me, a new-comer, to attempt any tribute that could hope to do justice to her many virtues. Charles



Geo. H. Graydon CHEMIST & DRUGGIST King Edward Pharmacy

260 JASPER EAST

PHONE 1411

GRAYDON'S SYRUP OF Tar and Wild Cherry

A sure, safe and pleasant remedy for throat and lung affections.
The best cough cure for children.

OUR P.D.Q. GRIPPE TABLETS

will break up a cold in a day.

25c. per box

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

;

GREAT

\$1750 Prize Voting Contest

OF

The Contest
Is Open
To EveryoneThe Contest
Is Open
To Everyone

The Edmonton Daily Capital

Saturday News & Alberta Homestead

First
Grand Prize

\$600 NORDHEIMER PIANO

Purchased from Geo. H. Suckling, "Harmony Hall."

The First Grand Prize of a 600.00 Nordheimer Piano will be awarded to the Candidate who secures the largest number of votes in the contest.

Second
Grand Prize

\$450 NORDHEIMER PIANO

Purchased from Geo. H. Suckling, "Harmony Hall."

The Second Grand Prize of a 450.00 Nordheimer Piano will be awarded to the candidate who secures the second largest number of votes in the contest.

HANDSOME DISTRICT PRIZES

The territory of the contest has been divided into four districts with prizes for each, giving everyone an opportunity to win. Winners of Grand Prizes are not eligible to win a district prize. No candidates will be allowed to win two prizes.

After the Grand Prizes have been awarded district prizes will be given as follows:

DISTRICT NOS. 1 & 2 WILL RECEIVE

One \$75 Diamond Ring One \$60 Business Course
One \$30 Morris Chair One \$20 Ladies Writing Desk

DISTRICT NO. 3 WILL RECEIVE

One \$75 Diamond Ring One \$60 Business Course
One \$20 Gold Watch

DISTRICT NO. 4 WILL RECEIVE

One \$75 Diamond Ring One \$60 Business Course
One \$30 Morris Chair One \$20 Gold Watch

DISTRICT NO. 1

All the territory lying within the corporate limits of the City of Edmonton west of First Street.

DISTRICT NO. 2

All the territory lying within the corporate limits of the City of Edmonton, east of First Street.

DISTRICT NO. 3

All of the territory lying within the corporate limits of the City of Strathcona.

DISTRICT NO. 4

All of the territory outside of Edmonton and Strathcona, including Wetaskiwin, Lacombe, Red Deer, Innisfail, Camrose, Stettler, Fort Saskatchewan, Vegreville, Lloydminster, Tofield, Wainwright, Viking, St. Albert, Stony Plain, Vermilion and all other towns and villages in Alberta or adjoining provinces.

OBJECT OF THE CONTEST

The object of the contest is to secure NEW subscribers for the Daily Capital, Saturday News and Alberta Homestead. The Fourteen Valuable Prizes will be given to the candidates who secure the largest number of paid-in-advance subscriptions to the Daily Capital, Saturday News and Alberta Homestead. Votes, which decide the contest, will be issued on paid-in-advance subscriptions of various terms, as per schedule given below. Votes will be given on renewals, also on arrearage payments.

Nomination Blank

Good For 1,000 Votes
ONLY ONE BLANK ACCEPTED FOR ANY ONE CANDIDATE

I nominate _____

Address _____

District No. () as a candidate in **The Edmonton Daily Capital** Prize Voting Contest.

Signed _____

Address _____

Cut out this blank, send it to **The Daily Capital** with your name, or the name and address of some friend. The names of people making nominations will not be divulged if so requested.

The Contest

JUST STARTING

Closes March 28, 1910

Price of THE DAILY CAPITAL, SATURDAY NEWS and ALBERTA HOMESTEAD, and votes given:

DAILY CAPITAL	By Carrier	By Mail	Votes
*Three Months	\$ 1.00	\$.75	350
*Six Months	2.00	1.50	1,000
One Year	4.00	3.00	3,000
*Two Years	8.00	6.00	9,000

SATURDAY NEWS, (Separate)			
Six Months	\$ 1.00	\$.75	350
One Year	2.00	1.50	1,000
Two Years	4.00	3.00	3,000

ALBERTA HOMESTEAD			
One Year		1.00	350
Two Years		2.00	1,000

*Including The Saturday News.

Address all communications to Contest Department, Daily Capital, Edmonton, Alta. Chas. E. Dyce, Contest Manager.

SAVOY

Castle Brand Collar
Smartly cut — strongly
built — by collar tailors
of experience.50 CENTS
FOR THREE
W. GOODRIDGE, PROPRIETORLOOK FOR
THIS MARK

ISLAM IN LONDON

The Holborn Restaurant is not obviously a place in which to find romance. But recently, at it in the morning, there was a scene there so strange, so full of Oriental mystery, says the London Daily Chronicle, a casual visitor might have rubbed his eyes and wondered whether he was dreaming of a chapter in "The Arabian Nights."

One visitor walking up the stairs of the great restaurant in the half-darkness of a gloomy day was startled by two bright black eyes staring at him, and the dark figure of a man in a white turban standing motionless on the stairway. It gave him a creepy feeling! And having passed that dark, silent figure of Oriental aspect he entered a great gilded room, very dim and gloomy also, in which had assembled a hundred or more men of dark complexion and astonishing costumes.

There were men of many Eastern nations — Indians, Persians, Turks, Egyptians, and Africans. Many of them wore the red fez, others wore turbans of white cloth and gold thread. One man, tall, with aquiline features, and a fine black moustache, had a high turban with a conical crown and an agrette. He was a Pathan, of the wild hill-country warrior race who for a thousand years and more have given trouble to the rulers of India. Here and there was an Indian or an African in Western dress, strangely incongruous, with soft "triby" hats and frock-coats, and carrying umbrellas of the Sairey Gamp period.

In Stockinged Feet.

The casual visitor may have imagined that he had come to a secret meeting of Oriental conspirators. Those dark rolling eyes, those Eastern figures may have given him gooseflesh. But in a few minutes it was clear that these people had met not for conspiracy, but prayer.

They took off their boots, and in stockinged feet went quietly into another large dim room where the floor was spread with white cloths — to be strictly accurate and unromantic, with white tablecloths used in the restaurant for more prosaic purposes. Then men who had come without turbans tied handkerchiefs round their heads, and all of them stood facing their Imam, or prayer-reader, who, in a white turban and a black silk coat, stood at the far end of the room.

Slowly and in solemn cadences, through the dimly-lighted room, there came the sound of low, soft words in a strange tongue. The Imam was reciting the prayers of Islam in Arabic. The prayer being finished, all the worshippers sat cross-legged like tailors on the white cloths, and presently, as the voice of the prayer-reader rose again, they rocked themselves to and fro, and then in a solemn moment of silence prostrated themselves, with their foreheads touching the floor. So they stayed for half a minute, and it seemed to a stranger standing at the door as though the ancient spirit of the East, the spirit of Oriental faith and mystery, had filled this room in a London restaurant.

They sat again, cross-legged, the Imam sitting facing them now in the same attitude. His voice began in a low, sweet chant, in which the words "Allah Akbar!" were repeated many times, and at each time all the men in turbans and fez caps and knotted handkerchiefs, put their hands to their ears, as though straining to hear the voice of God.

Listening for the Silence of God, the Imam sitting at the door knew that the Imam was reciting the creed of the Mohammedans.

God is Great! God is Great! There is no Deity but God! And God is Great! God is Great! And praise belongs to God!

Then he rose and stood before them and his voice now was louder, rising and falling in all the cadences of the Oriental style, strange and weird, and plaintive and discordant to Western ears. Once again came the words "Allah Akbar!" repeated in awe, and rising to triumph, and chanted by all those who worshipped as they raised their hands to their ears, listening for the Silence of God.

At the end of this strange scene each man pressed his hands to his eyes, and drew them away with a gesture of awakening. Then they sprang up and each man held out his arms to the other, and gave the kiss of peace. It was indeed like an Arabian Night in a London restaurant. But in reality it was the Feast of the Sacrifice of Ishmael, and of Thanksgiving for the yearly pilgrimage to Mecca, concluded recently. All over the world where Mohammedans are gathered together the feast is celebrated in the same time, than any other possible candid-

words of Arabic, with the same gestures and awe and triumph, for God is great and Mohammed is his prophet. And yesterday, in the Holborn Restaurant, it was celebrated by the Islamic Society of London, of which the Imam or prayer-reader is Ahmad Abad Efendi of the Turkish Embassy.

Among the worshippers for the first time in London were some of the "Young Turks" from Constantinople, and some American citizens, whose grandfather came from India, and who have kept the language and faith of Islam.

a cow country and political aspirants were scarce.

After a time Boyle went prospecting in British Columbia, and disappeared from view, and on the death of his father, the fifth Earl of Shannon, in the middle of the '90's, he could not be found but he eventually turned up in Washington State and then went over to Ireland and took over the title and the estates. The newspapers all over the continent took great interest in the search and it was only by accident he was found.

Lord Boyle was well known all through Southern Alberta for some years, many are the tales told of him. He was not a wild buccaneer of the hair-raising sort, but liked a free, open life, and was very quiet in his manner and kindly and considerate to all. He had aulinic character, and liked to see the world for himself, and earned very little for his title or made absolutely no use of it. He would have been just as happy or perhaps happier had he been a commoner. When out camping in '85 he took his turn at everything and often got up and cooked breakfast for his party, though he was officer in command.

He married in Ireland and left one son, and thereby hangs another tale which will not be told now.

He was a thorough-going sportsman and rode good horses, and up to the day of his death had a kennel of good dogs. No doubt he found Ireland rather a small place to live in on his return, and, dignified, or putting on side, was about the hardest thing for him to try to accomplish, but he was no fool, nor was there any soft streak in his make up. As to how much he valued a title it may be some indication that he built himself in British Columbia, and did not even keep in touch with the outer world for quite a time.

In the Forester the man encountered a singular group of animals — two or three beavers, an otter and some seal, all shivering, though the climate to say the least of it, was mild.

"We were skinned for your wife's fur!" they exclaimed civilly, upon observing his perplexity.

He started and broke into a loud laugh.

"So was I!" quoth he, and joined them; and thenceforth they wandered on together.

The Sixth Earl of Shannon

A London correspondent, discussing instances of titled Englishmen who get lost in outlying parts of the globe, says:

"When the fifth earl of Shannon died nearly eighteen months elapsed before his oldest son and successor could be found. He had come to the United States some five or six years previously, had worked at all sorts of trades, had undergone the most extraordinary experiences, and when finally run to earth was working as a cowboy on a ranch in New Mexico, where his name of Boyle did not suggest to his companions the idea that he was a missing earl. He experienced some little difficulty in settling down to ordinary life, and when he had got into a landlord and territorial at Castle Martyr, in County Cork, and through occasional lapses from grace won the nickname 'for himself' in the district as the 'cowboy peer.'

"His own case and that of James Burke Roche are among the comparatively rare instances where missing scions of the aristocracy have been found again. For Lord Aberdeen's older brother, who sailed from Boston before the mast, bound for South America, never was heard of again, and it is because he has been so long missing that the present viceroy of Ireland was summoned to the office of Lords in his place.

"James Burke Roche, son-in-law of Frank Work of New York, and father of Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden of that city, was more fortunate. Like Sir Arthur Curtis, he got lost in the Klondike while on the way from the Canadian Pacific railway to the Klondike gold fields. His companions, after searching for him for several days, found a skeleton, which they rashly assumed to be his, bore it to the nearest town, inserted it in the common cemetery, and buried it in a tombstone, with a list of virtues which were attributed to him.

Boyle Roche, who happened along some months later, saw the tombstone, it is to be photographed, and now carries about its picture in his pocket-book as a sort of testimony to the excellence of his character."

The reference above to Earl of Shannon, recalls early days in Alberta. There is a slight discrepancy here. The sixth Earl of Shannon, who is mentioned, at one time lived on a ranch at Plumer Creek with his brother Henry Boyle. The older brother was then called Lord Boyle. He had been in the British army, so we remember right, in the Rifle Brigade, so when the rebellion broke out, he was given a commission in the Rocky Mountain Rangers, recruited at Macleod, and of which he was made captain. His brother, Henry was a subaltern, and had a good deal of pride of birth, and thought it devolved upon him to uphold the family name, hence he was not nearly so popular as his elder brother, who was very popular with all the people.

Lord Boyle was at Medicine Hat most of the summer of 1885 with the troops, but also did a good deal of patrol work and returned to Macleod with the rangers in August, when they were disbanded. Lord Boyle then returned to the ranch and was later elected as first member for South Alberta to the Northwest Assembly and sat at Regina as a member in that house. It was laughingly said at the time that he was elected because he was the only man at the south end of the province that could make a speech. However he was well-fitted for the position, or perhaps better fitted at the state. Oratory was not promiscuous in

a cow country and political aspirants were scarce.

After a time Boyle went prospecting in British Columbia, and disappeared from view, and on the death of his father, the fifth Earl of Shannon, in the middle of the '90's, he could not be found but he eventually turned up in Washington State and then went over to Ireland and took over the title and the estates. The newspapers all over the continent took great interest in the search and it was only by accident he was found.

Lord Boyle was well known all through Southern Alberta for some years, many are the tales told of him. He was not a wild buccaneer of the hair-raising sort, but liked a free, open life, and was very quiet in his manner and kindly and considerate to all. He had aulinic character, and liked to see the world for himself, and earned very little for his title or made absolutely no use of it. He would have been just as happy or perhaps happier had he been a commoner. When out camping in '85 he took his turn at everything and often got up and cooked breakfast for his party, though he was officer in command.

He married in Ireland and left one son, and thereby hangs another tale which will not be told now.

He was a thorough-going sportsman and rode good horses, and up to the day of his death had a kennel of good dogs. No doubt he found Ireland rather a small place to live in on his return, and, dignified, or putting on side, was about the hardest thing for him to try to accomplish, but he was no fool, nor was there any soft streak in his make up. As to how much he valued a title it may be some indication that he built himself in British Columbia, and did not even keep in touch with the outer world for quite a time.

In the Forester the man encountered a singular group of animals — two or three beavers, an otter and some seal, all shivering, though the climate to say the least of it, was mild.

"We were skinned for your wife's fur!" they exclaimed civilly, upon observing his perplexity.

He started and broke into a loud laugh.

"So was I!" quoth he, and joined them; and thenceforth they wandered on together.

HE IS THANKFUL
HE HEARD OF THEM

THAT'S WHAT ANTOINE COTENOIRE SAYS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

They Cured His Diabetes After the Doctors Had Failed to Give Him Relief — What Dodd's Kidney Pills Do and Why.

St. Pierre de Guire, Yamasca, Co., Que., Jan. 31. — (Special) — That there is one sure cure for deadly Diabetes, and that cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills is proved once more in the case of Mr. Antoine Cottenoire, a well known resident of this place.

"I am thankful I ever heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mr. Cottenoire said. "They cured me of Diabetes. I suffered with Backache. I also felt drowsy. I had severe headaches and my limbs would cramp. I had a dizzy feeling and felt tired in the region of the kidneys, with a dragging heavy sensation across the loins."

"I was treated by the doctors, but got no benefit from them. Then I heard of the cure made by Dodd's Kidney Pills and made up my mind to try them. I took in all three dozen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Today I am free from Kidney trouble of all kinds."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills also cured me of stomach trouble from which I suffered for twenty-five years."

Diabetes is one of the most deadly forms of Kidney Disease. But Dodd's Kidney Pills cure any form of Kidney Disease. They also by curing the kidneys cure all those diseases that come from disordered Kidneys such as Rheumatism, Lumboago, and Heart Disease.

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

On Saturday

take a pretty calendar free with every cash purchase of \$1.00 or more. We have a few fancy calendars on hand after the holiday season, and will give them away free in this way while they last. Come early and get first choice.

The Home of Good Books
The Douglas Co., Ltd.

LESSONS GIVEN IN

Physical Culture

Swedish Free Standing Gymnastics and Elocution

SEPARATE SCHOOL BASEMENT

Tuesdays and Fridays from 4 p.m.
Married Ladies' Class - - - 4 p.m.
School Class - - - 4:30 p.m.
Young Ladies' Class - - - 8 p.m.
Private Lessons, place and hours by arrangement.

Phone MISS LUNDY, 2356
Edmonton Schoo: of Music, Ltd., 2544

Jackson Bros.

LEADING JEWELERS

303 Jasper Avenue,
Corner Queens

SPECIAL!

We are offering some of the most up-to-date millinery at prices unusually low, at

The Toronto Millinery Store 143 Jasper W.

MISS M. FARRELL.

One door east of Hudson's Bay Co.

The Irish Lunch & Tea Rooms
WELLINGTON BLOCK
newly ref. & ren. etc.
Mrs. Booth, Proprietress

HOTEL
Martha Washington
NEW YORK'S
Exclusive Woman's Hotel
29 East 29th St. near 5th Avenue
Restaurant and Tea Room for men and women. Convenient to Subway and cross centre of Theatre and Shopping District
Fees, \$1.00 and up
Rooms \$1.00 and up
Baths from each floor. FIRE-PROOF
& W. EAKER

For Coughs and Colds

TRY

ZIP COUGH CURE

This is a reliable compound for that obstinate cough. Try a bottle and be convinced.—It has cured others and will cure you. Price 25c. and 50c. per bottle.

Sisson's Drug Store
Wize Block, 544 Jasper Avenue West
PHONE 1717

HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from page six.)

One of the pleasant functions which broke the monotony of last week was a tea given by the Misses Webster in honor of Miss Matheson, Winnipeg, and Miss Hardy of Lethbridge.

As the guests arrived the fine commodious house looked very inviting with its many twinkling lights, lovely floral decorations and cosy sitting-out corners.

Receiving with the hostesses, who were very prettily frocked, Miss Edith in a soft sponge silk with smart touches of black satin and faint suggestions of green, and Miss Ethel in most becoming corn-flower blue, with heavy cream lace garniture, were the guests of honour, Miss Matheson was wearing a charming little frock of

THE SATURDAY NEWS

greyish-blue embroidered crepe de chine, with a jaunty little black Napoleon-shaped hat that became her wonderfully, and Miss Hardy was looking stunning in a handsome gown of pale blue Liberty satin with a picture hat in black and white, with sweeping plumes.

In the delightfully cosy tea-room were all sorts of tempting dainties, displayed on a table set with a filmy pink-shaded candle and a great bowl of pink carnations, fern, and Japanese lilies.

Here Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. D. S. MacKenzie presided, while Mrs. Hislop served the ices, and Miss Addie Belcher, Miss Florence Porin, Miss Irene Harbottle and Miss Florence Moss assisted.

Among the guests I noticed: Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Percy Hardisty, Mrs. Short, Miss Fifie, Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. J. D. Harrison, Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. Riddle, Mrs. McNamee, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Barford and Mrs. Fraser.

If I have refrained from attempting to write up "Twelfth Night," I must—I simply must—have space to rave over those exquisite songs of Mr. Barford's, the loveliest things I have heard in years. A week after they are singing themselves into my heart, even more insistently than they did the first times I heard them. We must have them in permanent form. Oh, this modest, modest mag, what are we going to do with him at all? Singing these little songs all to himself, keeping them in his heart, while we are strumming "rags" for want of something better.

"Why, very envy and the tongue of loss,

Cry fame and honour on him. I would like to see Mr. Barford's instrumental selections and his songs compiled—then he should see if he is not honored even in his own country.

I notice that Mrs. Harwood and her two little children are back in town.

Mrs. Cawley will receive on Tuesday and not after during Lent.

The Regina Spectator says of a former well-known young Edmonton man:

"H. C. Tichard, employed with the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, has been transferred to Toronto and left here on Friday. Mr. Tichard will be greatly missed by the boys, having been president of the Jolly Bachelors' Club and, as such, worked hard to make the dances given by the club a success."

The marriage of Miss Aimee Haycock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Haycock, Ottawa, to Mr. Tom Davies, son of Sir Louis and Lady Davies, and brother of Mrs. J. D. Hyndman, Edmonton, took place on Tuesday of last week. The bridesmaids and ushers were the Misses Haycock, McGee, Davies, E. Jones (Boston), Bate, and Girouard; and Messrs. Edwards, McGee, O. Haycock, O'Connor, Crichton, Hutchison, Soper.

The engagement is announced in Ottawa of Miss Dorothy Fletcher, youngest daughter of the late Dr. James Fletcher and Mrs. Fletcher, granddaughter of Mr. Collingwood Schreiber, to Mr. Richard Stewart Lake, M.P., of Grenfell, Saskatchewan, son of the late Colonel P. G. B. Lake, of Winnmarleigh Grange, Grenfell, and brother of Major-General Sir Percy Lake.

At the marriage of Miss Evelyn Powell to Mr. Victor Patton in Grace Church, Ottawa, on February 8, the bride will be attended by Miss Gladys Parry of Toronto, a maid of honor, and Miss Anna Oliver, Miss Eva Lessard, Miss Elsie Paton, of Winnipeg, Miss Kathleen Ross, and Miss North McNeil as bridesmaids. The best man will be Mr. C. F. Howard of Montreal, and the ushers Dr. Fred Powell, Mr. Ormond Haycock, Mr. Archie

John Stocks,

Deputy Min. of Public Works

Dated at Edmonton this 28th day of January, 1910.

J. 31. F. 1. 3. 5. 8. 10. 12.

Please trim carefully around border

VOTING COUPON

Valid after February 15, 1910

GREAT \$1750 PRIZE VOTING CONTEST

—OF THE—

EDMONTON DAILY CAPITAL
SATURDAY NEWS & ALBERTA HOMESTEAD

10 VOTES FOR

Address

When filled out and received at Contest Headquarters before expiration of date above.

Instant Relief Permanent Cure For that Cough

—that is what Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil has done for thousands of sufferers every year. It *relieves the cough more quickly and cures it more thoroughly and permanently than any other remedy* because it is made from the most potent remedial agents known to the medical profession.

Mathieu's Syrup is the only cough cure that acts as a tonic to the system—that builds up your vital energy as well as healing and strengthening the throat and lungs. Keep a bottle in the house ready for an emergency. Give it to your children. They like it and it is harmless.

MATHIEU'S SYRUP

Of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

MATHIEU'S SYRUP
of Tar and Cod Liver Oil
Large Bottles 35c
Mathieu's Nerve
Nervine Powders
Box of 10 Powders
25c
From all dealers

Is Your Property Protected Against

LOSS

BY

F
I
R
E

F
I
R
E

BY

F
I
R
E

C. Ross Palmer

PALMER & MCINTYRE

INSURANCE AGENTS

Room 28 Norwood Block.

Phone 1562.

Books by Best Writers....

*A large assortment
of beautiful Books.
Perfectly New - - -*

Usual Price

\$1.25

While they last

69c.

Little's Stationery Store

18 JASPER EAST

Take Care

of your skin.
A beautiful complexion and a velvety skin can only be obtained by taking great care and using

VIOLA CREAM

25 cents a bottle
These winter winds play havoc with one's complexion, Viola Cream will give you the needed protection.

THE
EDMONTON
DRUG CO.
LIMITED

154 Jasper ave, East

Phone 1550

F. W. Richardson